

WASHINGTON CRITIC

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

For THE WASHINGTON CRITIC.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

It was after the fit of the battle.
The cease in the silence and gloom,
When blushed was the musketry's rattle,
And quaff'd the cannon's deep boom;
The smoke of the conflict had lifted,
And the soft crimson light, slow fading
from sight,

Flashed back from each motionless gun.

The tremulous notes of a bugle—

Rang out on the clear mountain air,
And the echoes brought back from the
mountains.Far above, like breathings of prayer,
The voices of the dead that slantedThrough the trees touched a bough white
as snow,On the bloody soil lying, mid the dead and
the dying,

And it faded in a last parting glow.

The dark crimson tide slowly ebbed,

Stole red the light jacket of gray,
While another in blue faded by his

White side.

And watched the life passing away.

Said the jacket of gray: "I've a brother—

He's turned up at my home;
Give him these, and say my last message—Was forgiveness?" Here a low moan of
pain.

Clicked his breath—"You'll do me

the favor—

For you 'shun' me"—and his whispers
sank low.Said the jacket in blue: "Brother Charley,
There's no need—I'm your brother—I'm
Joe!"

STUART.

Alexandria, Va., Nov. 12.

PHOEBE'S ROMANCE.

Farbe Tasse was sent to Grand-Aunt Garraway at the foot of High peak, to get her out of the way of Mr. Middleton De Motte.

She was a little disappointed that the sang Queen Anne cottage was not more dungeon-like, and that the solitary mountain path turned out to be a well-traveled turnpike; and Mrs. Garraway, instead of being a hook-nosed old crone with a gaudy red cane and a temper as sharp as a scorpion's sting, whose cheeks were flushed with fresh bloom like a winter apple, and who wore a black silk dress with lace ruffles—“Darling aunty,” faltered Phoebe, after she had been in banishment several days, “may I tell you a secret?”

“Confide entirely in me, my child,”
padding her on the cheek.

“Well, then, he met me under the apple-trees last night,” confessed Phoebe.

“You’ve written to him, then?” said Grand-Aunt Garraway, with a shrewd twinkle in her hazel eyes.

“Yes,” owned Phoebe. “I told him it was unlike anything that I had anticipated. I described your pretty furniture and choice china and the solid silver tea service, with the Garraway monogram on it, and your set of antimacassars, and he came on by the carriages.”

“Oh, did?”

“He said he was hungering and thirsting for one of my sweet glances,” added Phoebe, very prettily. “And he slept on the hay in the barn last night.”

“My dear child, this will never do. He must come here.”

“Here, aunty?”

“Isn’t in the fitness of things that my grand-niece’s suitor should be snatching around the back orchard, and sleeping in the hay-loft like a tramp?”

Phoebe colored.

“But what else could he do, Aunt Garraway?” said she.

“For that very reason,” said the old lady, with dignity. “I ask him here as a guest. My husband’s nephew, Harry Sanford, is to be here from Boston, but there is plenty of room. Harry shall sleep in the cedar chamber. Mr. De Motte shall have the red room. Where is he now?”

“He is not here.”

“I think he is having a cigar and reading the newspaper in the smoking-room, guiltily confessed Phoebe.

“Call him in. Tell him he shall be welcome,” said Mrs. Garraway.

Mr. De Motte was tall and troubadour-like. He had dark, pensive eyes, and wore a very handsome satine necktie; and his finger nails were not as clean as Mrs. Garraway liked to see, still some peeps thought differently upon his projects.

“Harry Sanford looks the most of a gentleman,” thought Mrs. Garraway. And even Phoebe, in a mental companion, could not help owing to himself that Mr. Sanford was the most at his ease.

“But then,” thought Phoebe, “he hasn’t any diplomatic troubles on his mind. I wish, though, that dear Middleton would eat green peas with his fork, and that he would take a little more notice of the chair-covers and not drag them off every time he sits down. I hope it won’t make my grand-aunt nervous.”

But Grand-Aunt Garraway smiled her sweetest and seemed to notice nothing amiss.

And Harry Sanford diligently talked politics and did his best to amuse the stranger.

Nevertheless, when Phoebe went to bed that night she was not so happy as she had been. For she knew that Mr. De Motte was not so remarkably intelligent after all, and she was very certain that his grammar was not altogether correct. She hoped that Harry Sanford had not observed it.

In the dead of the night Grand-Aunt Garraway’s hand fell softly on Phoebe’s shoulder. She started up.

“Hush!” said the old lady. “Don’t utter a sound. Get up and come downstairs with me.”

“What is the matter?” gasped the girl.

“Your fine lover is breaking into my big cherry-wood bureau,” said Mrs. Garraway.

“He has a complete kit of burglar’s tools. But don’t look so frightened, my dear. The jewel-case is there, but it is empty. Harry Sanford has the pins and padlocks at the county bank. He’ll be welcome to my bureau. And the farm laborers have a key. He’ll be safely tied outside, and they’re ready to seize on him the moment he steps across the threshold. But come quickly! I want you to see for yourself.”

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And standing on the staircase, where she could peep through the transom light into the back parlor, Phoebe held her troubadour lover picking locks and prying open drawers in a most business-like manner.

With a little shriek she uttered a little cry. Mr. De Motte looked up and saw her. The next instant the room was in darkness.

“But we caught the fellow as neatly as possible,” Harry Sanford said, after ward, “with the empty jewel-case in his possession and a lot of silver spoons in his breast pocket. He’s an old hand, the Albany authorities say. ‘Light-Fingered Lemuel,’ they call him, and he’s got to get a long term in the penitentiary.”

Alas, poor Phoebe!

Harry Sanford set himself so diligently to work to console the disillusioned maiden that he soon succeeded in restoring her temporarily eclipsed smile.

So the expedition to Grand-Aunt Garraway’s proved a success, after all. The Middleton-De Motte engagement was broken up, and there is every probability that a new one will rise, Phoebe-like, out of its ashes.

AT THE THEATRES.

THE NATIONAL.

Next Monday Mr. J. B. Polk will appear at the National in his comedy of “Mixed Pickles,” supported by a first-class company. Mr. Polk is the big Pickle, and three acts include preparing to pickle, pickling, and eating, mixed with scenes of the play. The New York “Herald” says:

The following have been furnished by J. Vane Lewis, broker, southwest corner Eighth and F streets:

	O. 240	NAME	O. 240
Cen Pa...	70	N. W. P'd.	291 294
Cen Pa...	71	No Pa...	291 294
C. B. & Q...	132	“161...	634 654
C. M. & S.P...	163	Y. Cen...	1135 1137
D. & H. I...	163	Omaha...	523 534
D. & R. G...	33	Ornate...	965 973
Erie...	353	Ore Hall...	1072 1073
Erie Co...	36	Pa Mall...	541 544
N. J. Cen...	522	S. Pa. Paul...	954 956
L. Shore...	96	“174...	954 956
L. & N...	604	Tex & Pa...	224 226
M. & P. Co...	50	U. Pacific...	605 606
Mo Pa...	116	W. U. Tel...	782 783
N. West...	118	Oil...	713 734

CHICAGO MARKETS.

The following summary is given by H. K. Plain, broker, southwest corner Eighth and F streets:

	O.	H.	L.	C.
Wheat—Dec.	741	710	733	74
Jan.	70	514	714	742
May...	51	414	514	514
Corn—Dec.	36	29	353	353
Jan...	302	263	369	361
May...	41	41	403	403
Oats—Dec.	294	294	261	261
Jan...	294	294	261	261
May...	304	304	294	294
Pork—Dec.	5,074	5,754	4,95	4,95
Jan...	10,024	10,45	10,06	10,024
May...	10,16	10,45	10,55	10,45
Lard—Dec.	5,03	5,03	5,00	5,00
May...	5,03	5,03	5,00	5,00

THE LOCAL STOCK MARKET.

The following summary is given by H. K. Plain & Co., bankers and brokers, 1344 F street, report a very satisfactory amount of business transacted in local securities for this week.

United States bonds are dull, closing 1 lower for the week.

The District of Columbia bond list exhibits no material change, except for Dec. 16, 1881, which is lower, or at 124.

Washington gas is again flat, or at 100, two or three thousand shares traded.

Metropolitan Bank, the largest and

most important bank in the city, is

now trading at 102, and an ad-

ditional 1000 per cent.

Insurance stocks are much more active,

and the following sales made: 35 Fire-

Insurance, at 100, and several others, 100,

and 1000 per cent.

Metropolitan Life, 100, and 1000 per cent.

Metropolitan Gas, at 100, and 1000 per cent.

Metropolitan Water, 100, and 1000 per cent.

Metropolitan Power, 100, and 1000 per cent.

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